THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 20, 1800.

ANECDOTES *of* HANDEL.

[From Burney's Life of Handel.]

WHEN Handel went through Cheſter, in his way to Ireland, 1741, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organiſt, to know whether there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could ſing *at ſight*, as he wiſhed to prove ſome books that had been haſtily tranſcribed, by trying the choruſſes, which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned ſome of the moſt likely ſingers then in Cheſter, and among the reſt a printer of the name of Janſon, who had a good baſs voice, and was one of the beſt muſicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearſal at the Golden Falcon, where Handel was quartered; but alas! on trial of the chorus in the Meſſiah, "And with his ſtripes we are healed," poor Janſon, after repeated attempts, failed ſo egregiouſly, that Handel let looſe his great bear upon him, and after ſwearing in four or five languages, cried out, in broken Engliſh—"You ſchauntrel! tit you not tell me dat you cauld ſing *at ſoite?*" "Yes, Sir," ſays the affrighted printer, "and ſo I can, but not at *firſt ſight.*"

One night, when Handel was in Dublin, Dubourg having a ſolo part in a ſong, and a cloſe to make at his pleaſure, he wandered about in different keys a great while, and ſeemed a little bewildered, and uncertain of his original key; but at length coming to the ſhake which was to terminate this long cloſe, Handel, to the great delight of the audience and augmentation of applauſe, cried out loud enough to be heard in

the moſt remote parts of the theatre, "You are welcome *home*, Mr. Dubourg!"

The laſt ſeaſon of Handel's perſonal attendance, and of his life, was remarkably ſucceſsful. One of my friends, who was generally at the performance of each oratorio that year, and who uſed to viſit him after it was over in the treaſurer of the theatre's office, ſays, that the money he uſed to take to his carriage of a night, though in gold and ſilver, was as likely to weight him down and throw him into a fever, as the copper money of the painter Correggio, if he had ſo far to carry it.

In 1749, Theodora was ſo very unfortunately abandoned, that he was glad if any profeſſors, who did not perform, would accept of tickets or orders for admiſſion. Two gentlemen of that deſcription, now living, having applied to Handel, after the diſgrace of Theodora, for an order to hear the Meſſiah, he cried out "Oh, your ſarvant! you are tamnaple tainty! you would not co to Teodora—there was room enough to tance dere when dat was perform."

Sometimes, however, I have heard him as pleaſantly as philoſophically conſole his friends, when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the houſe was ſo empty, by ſaying, "Nevre moind, de mooſic vil ſound de petter."

His late Majeſty, George the Second, was a ſteady patron of Handel (who was a German) during theſe times, and conſtantly attended his oratorio's, when they were abandoned by the reſt of the court. About this time, therefore, there was handed about a *bon mot* of Lord Cheſterfield's, by a nobleman, who, going one night to the oratorio at Covent Garden, met his Lordſhip coming out of the theatre. "What, my Lord! are you diſmiſſed? Is there no oratorio to-night?" "Yes," ſays his Lordſhip, "they are now performing, but I thought it beſt to retire, leſt I ſhould diſturb the King in his privacies."

The late Mr. Brown, leader of his Majeſty's band, uſed to tell me ſeveral ſtories of Handel's love of good cheer, liquid and ſolid, as well as of his impatience: of the former he gave an inſtance, which was accidentally diſcovered at his own houſe in Brook-ſtreet, where Brown, in the oratorio ſeaſon, among other principal performers, was at dinner. During the repaſt Handel often cried out—"O I have de taught (thought)," when the company, unwilling that out of civility to them the public ſhould be robbed of any thing ſo valuable as his muſical ideas, begged he would retire and write

write them down, with which requeſt, however, he ſo frequently complied, that at laſt one of the moſt ſuſpicious had the ill-bred curioſity to peep through the key-hole into the adjoining room, where he perceived that *deſe taughts* were only beſtowed on a freſh hamper of Burgundy, which, as was afterwards diſcovered, he had received in a preſent from his friend the late Earl of Radnor, while his company was regaled with more generous and *ſpirited* port.

At Mrs. Cibber's houſe Mr. Handel uſed to meet Quin, who, in ſpite of native roughneſs, was very fond of muſic. Yet the firſt time Mrs Cibber prevailed on Handel to ſit down to the harpſicord while he was preſent, on which occaſion I remember the great muſician played the overture of Sirac, and delighted us all with the marvellous neatneſs with which he played the jig at the end of it, Quin, after Handel was gone, being aſked by Mrs. Cibber, whether he did not think Mr. Handel had a charming hand, replied "*A hand*, Madam! you miſtake, it's a *foot*." "Poh! poh!" ſays ſhe, "has he not a fine finger?" "*Toes*, by G—, Madam!" Indeed his hand was then ſo fat, that the knuckles, which uſually appear convex, were like thoſe of a child, dented or dimpled in, ſo as to be rendered concave; however his touch was ſo ſmooth, and the tone of the inſtrument ſo much cheriſhed, that his fingers ſeemed to grow to the keys. They were ſo curved and compact when he played, that no motion, and ſcarcely the fingers themſelves, could be diſcovered.

Handel late in life, like the great poets Homer and Milton, was afflicted with blindneſs. To ſee him led to the organ after this calamity, at upwards of ſeventy years of age, and then conducted towards the audience, to make his accuſtomed obeiſance, was a ſight ſo truly afflicting and deplorable to perſons of ſenſibility, as greatly diminiſhed their pleaſure in hearing him perform. The laſt oratorio at which he attended and performed, was on the 6th of April, and he expired on Friday the 13th, 1759. Dr. Warren, his phyſician, remembers, that Handel having been always impreſſed with a profound reverence for the doctrines and duties of the Chriſtian religion, had moſt ſeriouſly and devoutly wiſhed, for ſeveral days before his death, that he might breathe his laſt on Good Friday, in hopes he ſaid, "of meeting his good God, his ſweet Lord and Saviour on the day of his reſurrection," meaning the third day, or the Eaſter Sunday following.

The figure of Handel was large, and he was ſomewhat corpulent and unwieldy in his motions, but his countenance was full of fire and dignity, and ſuch as impreſſed ideas of ſuperiority and genius. He was impetuous, rough, and peremptory in his manners and converſation, but totally devoid of ill-nature and malevolence; indeed there was an original humour and pleaſantry in his moſt lively ſallies of anger or impatience, which, with his broken Engliſh, were extremely riſible. His natural propenſity to wit and humour, and happy manner of relating common occurrences in an uncommon way, enabled him to throw perſons and things into very ridiculous attitudes. Had he been as great a maſter of the Engliſh language as Swift, his *bon mots* would have been as frequent, and ſomewhat of the ſame kind.

Handel, with many virtues, was addicted to no vice that was injurious to ſociety. Nature, indeed, required a great ſupply of ſuſtenance to ſupport ſo huge a maſs, and he was rather epicurean in the choice of it, but this ſeems to have been the only appetite he allowed himſelf to gratify.

He wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration, which manifeſted his pleaſure and ſatisfaction. Without it, nice obſervers were certain that he was out of humour.

His general look was ſomewhat heavy and ſour; but when he *did* ſmile, it was his ſire, the ſun, burſting out of a black cloud. There was a ſudden flaſh of intelligence, wit, and good humour, beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever ſaw in any other.

Handel was born at Halle, in Lower Saxony, February 24th, 1684, and in his early years he diſcovered ſuch a paſſion for muſic as could not be ſubdued by the commands of his father, who intended him for the profeſſion of the law. He firſt viſited England in the year 1710, and after the aſcenſion of George the Firſt in 1714, made England his ſettled abode.

The funeral of Handel was not public, like that of Rameau in France, of Jomelli in Italy, or of our Dryden and Garrick in England, yet when he was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey, April the 20th, 1759, the Dean, Dr Pearce, Biſhop of Rocheſter, aſſiſted by the choir, performed the funeral ſolemnity. More general and rational teſtimonies of regard were left to the preſent period, when all enmities, jealouſies, and operations of envy were ſubſided, and when time, examination, and reflection had given new charms and importance to his works; and this pleaſing taſk has been performed

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in a way ſo ample, magnificent, and honourable, that it will be difficult to find, either in ancient or modern hiſtory, a more liberal and ſplendid example of gratitude to a deceaſed artiſt in any other country.

Over his elegant and expreſſive monument in Weſtminſter Abbey is the following inſcription:

"Within theſe ſacred walls the memory of Handel was celebrated, under the patronage and in the preſence of his moſt gracious Majeſty, George the Third, on the 26th and 29th of May, and on the 3d and 5th of June, 1784. The muſic performed on this ſolemnity was ſelected from his own works, under the direction of Brownlow Earl of Exeter, John Earl of Sandwich, Henry Earl of Uxbridge, Sir Watkin William Wynn, Bart. and Sir Richard Jebb, Bart. The band, conſiſting of 525 vocal and inſtrumental performers, was conducted by Joah Bates, Eſq."

Deſcription of the beautiful Scenery of Porlock and Culbone, both in Somerſetſhire.

By the Rev. Mr. Warner.

THE ſea-port town of Porlock, ſituated about ſix miles to the weſtward of Minehead, is ſhut out from the ſurrounding country by lofty hills, but open towards the ſea, on which it ſafely looks, from the bottom of a receſs or bay, about one league from one extremity to another. Of theſe points the eaſtern one riſes with prodigious magnificence from the ocean, whoſe maddened waves have torn its front into miſhapen crags, and ſcooped its ſides into ſtupendous caverns; the weſtern extremity is of a ſofter character, and ſlopes gradually to the ſhore, ſheltering, from the prevalent ſouth-weſterly ſtorms, the quay and a ſmall pier, (one mile and a half from Porlock) where the little commerce of the place is tranſacted, and its fleet (conſiſting of two ſloops, which trade to Briſtol and Wales) is freighted and unladen. An odd effect is produced by the very unuſual ſtile of architecture, in which the houſes are, for the moſt part, built; for here, as in other ſmall country places diſtant from the ſeat of the arts, one model is generally followed in conſtructing the dwellings of their inhabitants. At Porlock they riſe to the height of two ſtories, and are moſtly thatched; but

but the faſhion of that place has determined, that the chimnies, inſtead of preſerving their uſual retired ſituation, ſhould be formed in the front of the houſes, and their backs project into the ſtreet.

A ſhoemaker having offered to accompany me to ſome *remarkables* in the neighbourhood of Porlock, I accepted his ſervices; and under the direction of this guide, whom I found, like all the ſons of St. Criſpin, to be by no means deficient in information, ſet out to viſit the hamlet of Culbone, and a ſingular edifice of Lord King's in its vicinity.

The egreſs from Porlock to the weſt, is by a moſt ſteep and fatiguing aſcent, drawn out to the diſtance of at leaſt two miles, and climbing to the ſummit of the lofty hills which overhang the town on this quarter. Here the ſwelling downs commence, which ſpread their huge waves, like a ſolid ſea, quite through North-Devon, giving herbage to mutton, as delicious in flavour as the little mountaineers of Merioneth; and, what perhaps is to the poor of much greater conſequence, affording an abundant ſupply of incomparable heath for fuel, and thus depriving poverty of one of its bittereſt accompaniments—the pain of cold. Deep ravines interſect theſe downy elevations in various directions; and in their ſequeſtered hollows ſmall villages, or rather little groupes of farm-houſes, have their unenvied ſituation.

After continuing five or ſix miles on theſe hills, with a noble view of the ſea and coaſt of Wales, (which now began to fade away in diſtance) always before us, we turned our ſteps towards the coaſt, and deſcended a rapid ſteep to Culbone. On our way, about a mile from the hamlet, exceſſive thirſt obliged me to enquire at an old ſtone cottage, about which I ſaw ſome cows, for a draught of milk. A ſqualid female figure, opening the door, informed me there was no ſuch thing at the parſonage, but that a farm-houſe, about a quarter of a mile further, would ſupply me with a bowl of this beverage. The cordwainer, ſeeing me ſurprized at the term parſonage-houſe being applied to this wretched hovel, told me with that ſort of ſmile which *ſuperior information* ſometimes aſſumes, that this was the rectorial manſion, where the incumbent of Culbone formerly reſided; adding, he had no doubt, miſerable as it was, that when it had a parſon for its tenant, there was no lack of all the good things which could be ſtowed away in it.

The approach to Culbone church is by a ſmall foot-path, narrow, rugged, and ſo declivitous, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty I kept my footing, though aided by a ſtout

ſtaff, with a pike at its extremity. A gloomy mantle of wood covers this ſteep, and nearly excludes the fair light of day, ſo that, like Æneas and his friend Achates, in their deſcent to Tartarus, Criſpin and I purſued for ſome time a *darkling journey*, of conſiderable toil, and ſome little hazard. After a deſcent of about ſix hundred feet the path terminated, and introduced to our view Culbone church and church-yard, ſituated in as extraordinary a ſpot, as man, in his whimſicality, ever fixed on for a place of worſhip.

A ſmall cove, of an oval form, opened upon us, the bottom of which is formed by a little verdant carpet of two or three acres. Around this hollow, the hills on every ſide, ſave on that which is next to the ſea, tower up in a direction nearly perpendicular, to the ſublime height of twelve or thirteen hundred feet, fretted with jutting rocks, and laden with venerable woods. Here the oak's ſolemn ſhade is relieved by the bright berry of the mountain-aſh; and there the light ſatin of the airy birch is chaſtized by the gloom of the melancholy yew; whilſt the feathering fir and luxuriant beach lend their contraſting foliage to give a wider variety to the enchanting ſcene. At the mouth of the cove the land ſuddenly falls to the ſhore, in an abrupt deſcent of four or five hundred feet, rough with enormous crags of rock, but enlivened with verdure and foliage quite to the beach.

In the centre of the little receſs, thus ſurrounded and defended from the intruſion of the ſtranger, ſtands the Lilliputian church of Culbone, a Gothic ſtructure, thirty-three feet in length and twelve feet in breadth, with a cemetery of proportionate dimenſions ſtretching round it, appropriately ornamented with broken modeſt grave-ſtones, and the remains of an ancient ſtone-croſs. Two cottages, planted juſt without the conſecrated ground, are its only companions in this ſecluded dell.

Sure never was a ſpot better calculated for the indulgence of the meditative faculty than Culbone church-yard. Every circumſtance around leads the mind to thought, and ſoothes the boſom to tranquility. The deep murmur of the ocean tide riſing from beneath, but ſoftened in its lengthened courſe, falls gently on the ear, which liſts with equal rapture to the broken myſterious whiſper of the waving woods above. —Here, whilſt all without is waſteful war and raging horror, the thoughtful wanderer as he treads the glen, will pleaſe himſelf with the conviction, that he has at leaſt found one little ſpot ſacred to peace. Here, whilſt he feels the "holy calm" of ſilent ſolitude, he will drop a tear, in chaſtened ſorrow,

ſorrow, over human vice and human folly; over the wickedneſs of the few, whoſe deſtructive ambition converts a world, ſo competent (through the beneficence of Providence) to render men comfortable and happy, into one wide ſcene of waſte and miſery—and over the folly of the many, who allow themſelves to be made the inſtruments of ſuch devaſtation and wretchedneſs.—He will reflect with ſadneſs and aſtoniſhment, on the torrents of blood, that even now are flooding the Chriſtian world; and in the pure ſpirit of generous patriotiſm, will breathe an aſpiration to Heaven, in the beautifully figurative language of Solomon;—"Oh! that the winter were paſt; that the rain were over and gone! that the fig-tree would put forth her green figs; and the vines with the tender grape would give a good ſmell! that the flowers would appear on the earth; the time of the ſinging-birds come; and the voice of the turtle be heard once more in our land."

"*At nobis Pax alma, veni, ſpicamque teneto,*
"*Perfluat et pomis candidus ante ſinus.*"

Difficult of acceſs as Culbone church is, it has, notwithſtanding, regular ſervice performed in it by a gentleman from Porlock, who journeys thither on a ſmall poney (for no carriage can approach it) by a narrow devious path of frightful declivity, which ſkirts in a zig-zag direction along the cliff that riſes from the channel below. His congregations, indeed, are not very numerous, for the whole pariſh does not contain more than ſeven or eight houſes, and about forty inhabitants. Of theſe, none reſide near the church at preſent, owing, I preſume, to the obvious inconvenience of the ſituation. Excluſive, indeed, of the difficulty in getting to and from Culbone church, thoſe who chooſe to dwell near it muſt be content to give up a large proportion of their annual ſunſhine; for owing to the prodigious elevation of the ſurrounding hills, the cheering radiance of the orb of day never deſcends to Culbone church-yard for nearly four months in the wintry ſeaſon of the year.

Quiet and ſequeſtered as this romantic ſpot at preſent is, it has heretofore borne an honourable name in the annals of ruſtic revelry: its rocks have echoed to the ſhouts of multitudinous mirth, and its woods rung with the ſymphonious muſic of all the neighbouring village bands;—in plain Engliſh, a revel or fair was wont to be held here in times of yore. I fortunately met with a garrulous old blackſmith, who had himſelf

himſelf made a great figure on theſe feſtive occaſions. He had been the *Entellus* of the place, and dwelt with great exultation on his many triumphs which the church-yard of Culbone had witneſſed.——" About forty-five years agone, Sir," ſaid he, " I was at a noble revel in this ſpot; three hundred people at leaſt were collected together, and rare fun, to be ſure, was going forward. A little warmed with dancing, and ſomewhat fluſtered with ale, (for certainly Dame Matthews did ſell ſtinging good ſtuff) I determined to have a touch at ſkittles, and ſport away a ſixpence or ſhilling, which I could do without much danger, as I had a golden half-guinea in my pocket. To play, therefore, I went; but the liquor getting into my head, I could not throw the bowl ſtrait, and quickly loſt the game, and two ſhillings and ninepence to boot. Not liking to get rid of ſo much money in ſo fooliſh a manner, and not thinking the fault was in myſelf, (for too much ale, you know, Sir, is apt to make one overwiſe) I reſolved to win back the two and nine-pence, and then leave off; and accordingly ſet to play a ſecond time. The ſame ill-luck followed me, and in an hour and half I had not only loſt the remainder of my money, but about ſixteen ſhillings more out of a guinea which I borrowed of a friend. This terrible ſtroke quite ſobered me; my wife was but juſt brought to-bed, and I could not help thinking what a wicked ſcoundrel I muſt be, to go and run into ruin, and to deprive her and the child of food, merely to indulge myſelf in a game, which, inſtead of being an amuſement, had put me into a terrible paſſion, and made me curſe and ſwear more than ever I did in my life. Deſperately vexed at my folly, I went into the wood hard by, and ſat down by the ſide of the water-fall to reflect on my ſituation. I could plainly hear the ſinging and laughing of the revel, but it was now gall and wormwood to me; and I had almoſt reſolved to eſcape from that, my own reproaches, and the diſtreſs of my wife, by throwing myſelf down the cliff upon the ſhore. Providence, however, was ſo good as to preſeve me from this additional wickedneſs, and to put a thought into my head, which ſaved me from the conſequences of deſpair. Cool and ſober, for I had waſhed myſelf in the ſtream, and drank pretty largely of it, it ſtruck me, that if I went back to the ſkittle-ground, and ventured the remaining five ſhillings, I ſhould have a good chance of winning back my money from thoſe who had beaten me before, as I was now freſh and they all overcome with ale. Accordingly I returned to the church-yard, and took up the bowl, though pretty much

jeered by the lads who had hitherto been winners. The caſe, however, was altered; I had now the advantage, could throw the bowl ſtrait, took every time a good aim, and more than once knocked down all nine. To make ſhort of my ſtory, Sir, it was only night that put an end to my good-luck; and when I left off play, I found I had got back my own half-guinea, the guinea I had borrowed, and fifteen ſhillings in good ſilver, after paying my part of the charge for the day. You may ſuppoſe I was not a little happy at this change of fortune; in truth, Sir, I felt very grateful, and as ſoon as I had left my companions, fell down on my knees to thank God for ſaving me from ruin, and did not riſe till I had made a ſolemn vow that I would never venture another ſixpence in gambling again; a vow which I have for theſe five and forty years moſt religiouſly obſerved, and which I have found ſo much pleaſure in keeping, that there is no chance I ſhall ever wiſh to break it.". I liſtened to the old gentleman's ſtory, fraught with the wiſdom of experience, with due attention; thinking, at the ſame time, that if the more exalted gamblers would imitate the wiſdom and the virtue of this honeſt blackſmith, high-life, as it is called, would exhibit much fewer ſcenes of wretchedneſs and vice than it at preſent diſplays.

Account of a Viſit to a Convent of Monks of La Trappe, near Lulworth Caſtle, in Dorſetſhire.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

AS the attention of the public has of late been directed to the monaſtic eſtabliſhments which have been tranſplanted into this country ſince the commencement of the French revolution, your readers will perhaps be gratified by a ſhort account of a viſit which I paid, in the courſe of the laſt ſummer, to a convent of monks of the order of La Trappe, ſituated near Lulworth Caſtle, the ſeat of Mr. Weld.

At eight o'clock of a pleaſant morning, in the beginning of July, I left Dorcheſter, in company with two other gentlemen, one of whom had previouſly viſited the monaſtery, and kindly undertook the office of guide. After a ride of about eleven miles over downs covered with flocks of ſheep,

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we declined on the right into a ſmall valley overhung with woods. The view at the extremity of this valley is beautifully terminated by the Engliſh Channel, and in its centre is ſituated Lulworth Caſtle, an antique Gothic edifice, conſiſting of four round towers, connected by as many curtains. As ſtrangers are permitted to ſee the inſide of the Caſtle, we alighted at the principal entrance, on each ſide of which are two Latin inſcriptions, the one commemorating the extended toleration granted to the Roman Catholics in 1780, the other recording a viſit from his preſent Majeſty, with which Mr. Weld was honoured a few years ago. Paſſing through the hall, we were uſhered into the ſaloon, a large lightſome apartment, at one end of which there was an organ, which was played during the time of our ſtay in the houſe. From each principal apartment there is a ſhort paſſage leading to a room conſtructed in the tower adjacent, which is uſed as a bedchamber. The drawing-room and library are ſpacious and elegantly furniſhed. In the pleaſure grounds is a handſome Roman Catholic chapel, compoſed of two veſtibules, and a rotunda between them. The altar piece is magnificent, being adorned by three good paintings.

From the Caſtle we walked through the fields for about the ſpace of a mile before we arrived at the monaſtery. This edifice is built of very rude materials, and in a very rude ſtyle. Its immediate neighbourhood preſents a picture of bleak deſolation. The hills are deſtitute of wood, and the eaſt wind, ſweeping from the Channel, pinches the early ſhoots of vegetation. Ringing at the gate of the monaſtery, we were received by the porter. It is impoſſible to give an accurate idea of the hideouſneſs of this man's dreſs, which was compoſed of a tunic, made of coarſe, thick, and heavy woollen cloth. Over his ſhoulders he wore a cope made of the ſame material: this was partly thrown back, ſo that his face was viſible: but the other monks, who were clad preciſely in the ſame manner as the porter, covered their viſages, ſo that nothing but their eyes and noſes could be ſeen. Their ſtockings are made of coarſe cloth, and their ſhoes are wooden, and about three inches thick in the ſole.

After aſking whether we had any women in our party, and being anſwered in the negative, the porter attended us to the refectory. This is a very plain room, with white-waſhed walls, furniſhed with a rude table, and two or three wooden-bottomed chairs. We were next conducted to the dining-room. A ſpecimen of the ſoup and bread, the only victuals allowed to be eaten by the monks, lay upon the table. The

appearance of the ſoup, I muſt confeſs, turned my ſtomach. The bread was abſolutely black. Of this fare, the fraternity partake twice a day in ſummer, and once only in winter. A wooden bowl and ſpoon, and a coarſe earthen-ware cup for each perſon, compoſed the whole of their table-utenſils. We were next uſhered into a kind of common ſitting-room, where we found about two dozen of ſuperſtitious books, moſtly in French, and ſome few in Latin. This was the whole of their library. The chapel is neat but plain, excepting the altar, which is a little ornamented.

Paſſing from the chapel through a cloiſter, we viſited the burying-ground, which occupies a ſmall inner court, overgrown with rank weeds, and tall luxuriant graſs. Two graves, already tenanted, are marked by two wooden croſſes; and one grave is always kept open ready to receive the next deceaſed. Our conductor aſſured us, that each individual of the fraternity prayed ſincerely that he himſelf might ſoon become the occupant. At this, I am not ſurpriſed; for ſuch miſery, and ſuch a degradation of human nature, as is exhibited within the precincts of theſe walls, I never elſewhere witneſſed. Having ſurveyed the lower ſtory, we were ſhewn up ſtairs into the dormitory, a long narrow apartment, lighted by a ſingle window at the end oppoſite to the door. In this one apartment are twenty-four or twenty-five beds, or rather cells, ſeparated from each other by wooden partitions. In theſe cells, the whole fraternity repoſe on bare boards, covered with only a blanket and a rug. They riſe every night at twelve o'clock, at which hour they go to prayers. This exerciſe employs them till four, when they go to work in the farm or garden, or in domeſtic occupations. At eleven they aſſemble to dinner, and at ſeven they retire to reſt.

None of the brotherhood, excepting the porter, are permitted to ſpeak, unleſs by ſpecial permiſſion of the ſuperior. The monks whom we met did not ſo much as look at us. When we approached them, they turned aſide their heads, and croſſed themſelves in ſilence. The ſtillneſs of the place was awful. Seventeen men and five boys compoſe the preſent ſociety; if ſociety that union may be called, whoſe very eſſence is unſociability. For the uſe of theſe cenobites Mr. Weld has aſſigned the monaſtery, and a farm of ſufficient extent to furniſh them with the neceſſaries of life. Their ſuperfluous produce they diſpoſe of at the neighbouring market towns, where they alſo purchaſe ſuch few articles as they

they may happen to want in their ſimplicity of domeſtic arrangement.

The porter, though one of the brotherhood, was ſufficiently communicative. He complained indeed, that the ſuperior, by continuing him for two years in an office which ought to be occupied by each brother in his turn, had grievouſly interrupted thoſe devout meditations in which it was his ardent wiſh to be uninterruptedly employed. Intercourſe with ſtrangers, he ſaid, led his thoughts back to that world which he wiſhed to forget. I was not a little ſurpriſed, when, on my taking leave of this gentleman, who ſo earneſtly aſpired after a ſeparation from the world, I was heſitating in French a ſhort acknowledgment of his polite attention, he caſt his eyes on the ground, with a modeſt humility, half extended his dirty paw, and uttered, in a tone of the gentleſt complaiſance, *Tant qu'il vous plaira, Monſieur.* A few ſhillings was the toll levied on our exit from this gloomy abode of ignorance and naſtineſs, which I quitted with a ſigh, breathed in compaſſion of the lot of thoſe whom vice or folly drive for the expiation of real or fancied iniquities into the community of La Trappe.

P. F.

SINGULAR POACHING.

THE following caſe was on Monday, October 6, 1800, inveſtigated by Mr. Henderſon, a reſpectable magiſtrate, at Bedfont :—

A few days ſince Mr. Carter, an attorney at Kingſton, and a Mr. Cotterell, of the ſame place, dined at a public-houſe in Hampton-Wick, with Mr. William Hill, one of the keepers of Hampton Court Park. They drank rather freely after dinner, and about eight o'clock in the evening, Hill, the keeper, having reaſon to expect poachers in the park, borrowed a ſtick and went out, ſaying to Mr. Biſhop, the maſter of the houſe, that if Mr. Carter inquired for him, he would be back in leſs than an hour, and in his hurry, he left a very famous terrier, which always accompanied him, ſleeping by the fire in the room where they had dined.

About ten o'clock, Carter and Cotterell having inquired for Hill, ſaid, they would go and aſſiſt him, and having left the houſe, were called back by Biſhop, the landlord, and deſired, by him, to take Hill's terrier, and leave it at his houſe, as they muſt paſs it on their way home. This they aſſented

aſſented to: and paſſing through a paddock belonging to Buſhey Park, they heard the report of a gun, and, conceiving it to be Hill, immediately made to the place. On their way, Hill's terrier leaped upon a hare in her form, and having killed it, Carter imprudently took it up, and proceeded along with it hanging over his ſhoulder. They had not proceeded above 100 yards before they met one of the keepers of Buſhey Park, named Elphing, who having taken their addreſs, laid an information before Mr. Henderſon, by whom the affair was impartially inveſtigated on Monday morning, at his houſe in Bedfont.

Two queſtions appeared to ariſe from the facts ſtated by the keeper.

1ſt. Whether the hare was found in the poſſeſſion of Carter, aided by Cotterell?

2dly. Whether the hare was killed in ſuch a manner as to render Carter and Cotterell liable to be puniſhed as poachers?

The hare was granted to be in their poſſeſſion, which warranted Mr. Henderſon in fining Carter in 20l. and Cotterell 10l. but the poaching could not be proved, as Hill, the keeper, ſwore he left his dog by accident; and Biſhop, the landlord, ſaid, that, after they had left the houſe, he called them back to take the terrier with them, which they had no previous intention of doing.

Mr. Henderſon conducted himſelf with propriety, temper, and impartiality, during the examination; and after he had paid the informer 15l. being a moiety of the conviction money, he rode over to Hampton-Wick for the purpoſe of requeſting the overſeers to expend the remaining 15l. in purchaſing a ſtock of coals for the relief of the poor in the approaching winter.

ANECDOTES *of the* BRAVE GENERAL FLOYD.

THIS officer, whom his Majeſty has lately appointed Colonel of the 26th dragoons, vacant by the death of General Manners, has not acquired that honour before he had ſerved his noviciate. We find him a Cornet in Elliott's light horſe in 1760, at the famous battle of Emſdorf, where Elliott's regiment acquired immortal fame. Cornet Floyd, who was only juſt turned of twelve years of age, had his horſe killed cloſe to the line of French infantry. In this ſituation a tall Frenchman was on the point of finiſhing Floyd's career,

when General Ainſlie, then a Captain in Elliott's, active and bold, took off the Frenchman and ſaved Floyd.

Floyd was particularly patroniſed by the late Earl of Pembroke, who, obſerving in him a diſpoſition to horſemanſhip, beſtowed the utmoſt pains on him ever after; and we are informed that he ſtands unrivalled in that ſcience.—General Elliott took particular notice of this young officer, and during his life honoured him with his eſteem, and ſpared no pains in training him while in his regiment, a period little ſhort of twenty years.

Floyd was appointed Major to the 21ſt dragoons, we think, about the year 1778. In 1781 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel to the 23d dragoons, (now the 19th) and was immediately ſent to India with that regiment, which he formed and diſciplined in a point ſaid to exceed any thing in his Majeſty's ſervice, in oppoſition to the general belief, that Europeans could never be trained to manage the ferocious horſes of that country; but the 19th dragoons proved the contrary, and became the beſt horſemen in India. At the battle of Sattimungulum in 1790, when Colonel Floyd's detachment was attacked by Tippoo, at the head of his whole army, the 19th dragoons, led by Floyd, charged the enemy's beſt horſe, and totally routed them, killing their commander, Gungeraam, and about three times their own number of his horſemen, and took the ſtandard of Mahomet, now in poſſeſſion of the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton. This detachment retreated and fought during the 13th and 14th of September, and the intermediate night, when, towards the cloſe of the ſecond day, the enemy were beaten from the field. Here his Majeſty's gallant 36th regiment of foot, under the brave Burne, now Lieutenant-Colonel, behaved with that invincible courage and diſcipline which ever after diſtinguiſhed this celebrated corps. The whole detachment behaved like heroes, or they muſt have been overwhelmed by the multitude that preſſed upon them.

At Bangalore, the Colonel, with his cavalry, attacked the rear of Tippoo's line of march, and took ſeveral guns, camels, elephants, &c. but the Colonel himſelf received a ſhot in the face, and his fall occaſioned a halt and uncertainty in the ſquadrons. Here he would certainly have been murdered by the enemy's horſe, had not two of his own dragoons, regardleſs of themſelves, raiſed him from the ground, and placed him on one of their horſes, running along ſide him, till he fell in with the line again, which immediately recovered its order, and rejoined the army.

In

In Lord Cornwallis's firſt victory at Seringapatam, Colonel Floyd charged at the head of his cavalry, and inſtantly covered the rocky ground with the ſlain. None, indeed, of the enemy were ſeen to leave it. Here a number of colours were taken. The Colonel again experienced the value of the affection of his men, while he was engaged with ſeveral of the enemy in front of his horſe. One man at his ſide was taking deliberate aim at him, but a ſerjeant of the 19th dragoons ruſhed forward, averted the ſhot, and killed the man. We wave many other anecdotes which ſhew that his men eſteemed themſelves invincible under him, whether their number was great or ſmall. For inſtance, at the head of ſeven dragoons and twenty-nine of native cavalry, at Showoor, he attacked and routed 300 choſen horſe that were ſent to reconnoitre his poſition.

In the late war againſt Tippoo, General Floyd was ſecond to General Harris in command of the army. At the battle of Malavilly, his cavalry deſtroyed a whole carboon of Tippoo's beſt infantry.

On his return to his native country, in laſt July, after an abſence of about nineteen years, we obſerved his Majeſty honour him with particular notice at the reviews at Swinley, with a condeſcenſion, benignity, and dignity peculiar to the King, who has now conferred a ſubſtantial mark of his favour on this experienced officer.

WONDERFUL EFFECT *of* MUSIC.

SULTAN AMURATH, having laid ſiege to Bagdad, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Perſians to be put to death, though they had lain down their arms. Amongſt theſe unfortunate victims was a muſician. He beſought the officer who had the command to ſee the Sultan's orders executed, to permit him to ſpeak to the Emperor. The officer indulged him, and, being brought before the Sultan, he was ſuffered to give a ſpecimen of his art. He took up a kind of pſaltry, which reſembles a lyre, and has ſix ſtrings on each ſide, and accompanied it with his voice. He ſung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic ſounds of the inſtrument, together with the alternate plaintiveneſs and boldneſs of his ſtrains, melted even Amurath; he ſuffered him to proceed, till overpowered with harmony, tears of pity guſhed forth, and he revoked his cruel orders. He not only ordered thoſe of the priſoners who remained alive to be ſpared, but gave them their liberty.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1593 two of Queen Elizabeth's own ſhips of war joined in partnerſhip with ſome merchant ſhips fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh. They firſt took a Biſcayner, laden with iron ſtores for the Weſt Indies. Next they forced a great Eaſt India carrack on ſhore at the Azores, where it was burned: ſoon after they met with the greateſt of all the Eaſt India carracks, homeward-bound, of 1600 tons, with 700 men, and 36 braſs cannon, which they took, though not without great ſlaughter. This large prize was found laden with the richeſt ſpices, calicoes, ſilk, gold, pearls, rings, China-ware or Porcelaine, and ebony wood. So vaſt a ſhip (brought to Dartmouth) had never before been ſeen in England. The poſſeſſion of ſuch immenſe foreign riches greatly encouraged the Engliſh to venture ſoon after to go themſelves to the Eaſt Indies on a pure mercantile bottom.

Anſwer, by Oedipus, of Yeovil, to Recluſe's Enigma, inſerted April 28.

'TWAS at that ſolemn hour th' ſlumb'ring world
In poppy ſteep'd, forgot their ev'ry care;
And riot's ſons, in mere confuſion hurl'd,
With drunken orgies rend the midnight air.

Then did the lovely Celia ſtray alone,
Full oft did ſhe invoke Leander's name;
As o'er the beach the beams of Cynthia ſhone,
She made the ſhores reſponſive to the ſame.

When lo! a throng approach'd her from the weſt,
All Celia's cares were inſtantly forgot:
His well-known ſeal, and with a LETTER bleſt,
Elate with joy ſhe ſought her peaceful cot.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to W. Rennel's Rebus, inſerted July 21.

BURKE's works reſplendently do ſhine,
And they will reach the end of time.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, and J. King, and G. Andrews, of Kingſbridge; R. Thomas, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton;

ton; Thomas Jarvis, of Malborough; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; R. Baker, of the Poole volunteers; Serjeant Burt, and W. Burt, of Upway; and George Hazel, of Clovelly.

A REBUS, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

YE charitable, generous, and humane,
Who feel for thoſe involv'd in ſcenes of grief,
Let not my firſt ſolicit you in vain,
But kindly condeſcend to give relief.

Commiſerate thoſe hapleſs ſons of woe,
Diffuſe my next, and cheer their drooping breaſt;
Then, in return, loud gratitude ſhall flow,
In thankful ſtrains ſpontaneouſly expreſs'd,

Know, tranſient are the joys my next imparts,
Unleſs pure virtue doth adorn the mind;
But laſting pleaſure fills the feeling heart
Of him who's juſt, benevolent, and kind.

Then oh! may charity your boſoms warm,
Whene'er my next your friendly aid implore;
Oh! kindly ſhield them from impendent harm,
Nor ſpurn them from your hoſpitable door.

Reflect awhile, ye ſons of wealth and power,
Whom plenty, eaſe, and affluence ſurround;
And oh! prepare for the deciſive hour—
For in my next there's no diſtinction found!

Think how precarious is my fleeting laſt,
How ſhort the journey to our final home!
The tranſitory ſcene will ſoon be paſt,
And we ſhall lie promiſcuous in the tomb.

Then let us always keep the hour in view
In which we muſt reſign our vital breath;
So ſhall we gladly bid this world adieu,
And calmly meet the meſſenger of death.

Ye gents! who ſtrive with emulative care
In deeds of liberality to ſhine,
Peruſe my ſerious theme, and hence declare
A votary of the ſweet, inſpiring nine.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An Elegy, written near a Grave in Calverleigh Church-yard.

ON that low moſſy grave ſhould a weed rear its head,
Let it know that I'm with it at ſtrife;
For at peace underneath in the earth ſhe is laid
Who nouriſh'd me firſt into life.

Meek nature in povery's vale gave her birth,
And nurtur'd her free from all art;
Simplicity taught her of truth the full worth,
And innocence grew in her heart.

Borne down and oppreſt by the burthens of fate,
From affliction and ſorrow ne'er free,
Her delicate form was ſoon cruſh'd with the weight,
And ſhe ſunk from the world and from me.

In infancy, helpleſs, I hung on her breaſt,
And ſhe tenderly foſter'd me there;
While fearful forebodings its heavings increas'd,
And drew in her eye the ſalt tear.

Tho' pen'ry diſtreſs'd her, while with me ſhe ſtay'd,
What care did ſhe take of my youth!
She taught me a God muſt be known and obey'd,
And be worſhipp'd in ſpirit and truth.

With anxiety fond for my welfare in life,
She lov'd me, yea to her laſt breath;
For when body and ſpirit in her were at ſtrife,
Oh ſhe call'd on my name, e'en in death.

Her chill hand ſhe held to me, in pangs as ſhe lay,
A ſhort time ere her ſtruggles were o'er,
"To the world I muſt leave thee"—ſhe ſtrove much to ſay,
Alas! but her voice was no more.

When ſhe was alive, oh how happy my life!
She would ſoothe my young cares all to reſt;
To her I could fly from the world and its ſtrife,
And to her I unburthen'd my breaſt.

Life's tempeſts each day now beat hard on my head,
And its cares deeply furrow my brow;
No ſolace have I ſince low there ſhe is laid,
Who was wont to heal ev'ry woe.

Dear ſhade of my mother, now hovering here!
I'll my verſe to thy memory beſtow;
Nor ought from my breaſt thy remembrance ſhall tear,
But the tear ſtill in ſecret ſhall flow.

Q.

Elegiac

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

By THOMAS DERMODY, *a self-taught Youth not yet Sixteen.*

TO pleaſure's wiles an eaſy prey,
Beneath this ſod a boſom lies;
Yet ſpare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

Oh ſtranger! if thy wayward lot
Thro' folly's heedleſs maze has led,
Here nurſe the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flower on his head!

For he, by this cold hillock clad,
Where tall graſs twines the pointed ſtone,
Each gentleſt balm of feeling had,
To ſoothe all ſorrow but his own.

For he, by tuneful fancy rear'd,
(Tho', ever dumb, he ſleeps below!)
The ſtilleſt ſigh of anguiſh heard,
And claim'd a tear for every woe.

Oh place his dear harp by his ſide!
His harp, alas! his only hoard;
The fairy breeze, at even tide,
Will, trembling, kiſs each weeping chord.

Oft on yon creſted cliff he ſtood,
When miſty twilight ſtream'd around;
To mark the ſlowly heaving flood,
And catch the deep wave's ſullen ſound.

Oft did he pauſe the lark to hear,
With ſpeckled wing, the ſkies explore;
Oft paus'd to ſee the ſlow flock near;
But he ſhall ſee or hear no more.

Then, ſtranger, be his foibles loſt;
At ſuch ſmall foibles virtue ſmil'd;
Few was their number, large their coſt,
For he was nature's orphan child.

The graceful drop of pity ſpare,
(To him the bright drop once belong'd,)
Well, well his doom deſerves thy care,
Much, much, he ſuffer'd, much was wrong'd.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah! as thou roam'ſt the chequer'd gloom,
Bid the ſweet night-bird's numbers flow,
And the laſt ſun-beam light his tomb.

Cork, September 4.

IMPROMPTU.

THE diſtant eagle ſeems in ſize
A ſparrow, and as tardy flies;
And thus appears a ſparrow but a fly
At equal diſtance—to the human eye.
Proportion'd ſpace allow,
The atom to a world will grow.